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THRENODY.

PS3537
C84 A6
no. 1

"Requiem Aeternam Dona Eis, Domine."

I.

One more immortal soul has urged its way
Up through the vast unknown, from nature's
bound,
Past stars and suns in realms of space,
To Him, the Majesty Divine, who sits and rules,
And executes with wisdom infinite,
His unrestrained decrees.

II.

Born to the mortal lot, with mortal frame,
All powers possessed received by gift—
The Giver, He Who now has taken—
In that, th' appointed field assigned by Him
Whose word wrought being, all were used,
Developed, perfected, matured.

Through sorrow, joy; with pleasure, pain;
By night, by day; in patience, hope and love,
Th' experience varied held its ceaseless course
—But now 'tis done!

III.

The spirit fled—our loss appears;
The stroke comes home upon our very hearts!
For, though the spirit finds "'Tis gain to die!"
Those left behind are left beneath the cloud,
And left to mourn:
To mourn, yet not with gloom,
As those who have no hope.

right
Benj W. Searcy
May 5 '17

Misc.

PS3537
884-A6
no. 2

OUR DEAD PRESIDENT.

From the Watkins Express of Sept. 26, 1901.

There is infinite reason to say again, as we have so often said before, "How blessings brighten as they take their flight!" Over and over again we lament, with a grievous lamentation, the loss of that which we undervalued, slighted, perhaps abused, while in our possession. Oh! the misery of it—that we continually repeat this folly, for

"There is an end to all but one sweet thing—
To love there is no end."

* * * * *

"Just while the people pressed to meet their chief,

And he was greeting them with smiling face,
And the glad moments were all free of grief
In pride of him, the country, and the race—
In the rich fullness of that happy tide,
Aglow with memories of the nation's fame—
As if all human sweetness to deride,
A form, surcharged with evil venom, came—
Its finger bent—and the great ruler fell!
O fatal touch! O fallen, shining mark!"

At once the swelling waves of joy rolled back,
And waves of sorrow angrily rushed in;
Earth's mightiest nation draped itself in black,
And all the nations shuddered at the sin."

* * * * *

"Now naught is left but ashes, and we bring
Our homage to new men, to them we bend.

There is an end to all but one sweet thing—
To love there is no end."

Who was our dead President? That question is not answered yet, nor will it

be for many years to come; but the entire American people, and all the thinking men and women of the whole broad world, have been awakened to a patriotic appreciation of William McKinley.

Our eyes are dazzled, and our ears hum, with what we see and hear on every side. The papers and people who, on the morning of that direful Friday in this sad month of September, lampooned the martyred President as the slave of trusts, the patron saint of oppression, the agent of syndicates, and mockingly asked, "Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed that he hath grown so great?" have, with one stride, stepped to the front rank of his eulogists. Most wonderful transformation! But, once—and now—they speak the truth of him—and we can only say of the change, "It is God's way! His will be done!"

Farewell to William McKinley! He died as he lived, with simple, manly courage, and unaffected piety. His character was the embodiment of sweetness. He was master of himself, and therefore fit to be master of others. He was a generous, true-hearted gentleman, a wise and brilliant statesman, a great and noble chief magistrate. His greatest ambition was to serve his country in the love of men, and the fear of God. Only

a fine character, a noble life, fidelity and competency in the highest station, and a martyr's death met with supreme fortitude and faith, could evoke such world-wide sorrow as mourns his loss.

Farewell to William McKinley! The good citizen, the brave soldier, the twice-honored chief magistrate, the true-hearted, loving husband. His life is his monument. His deeds are his epitaph. He served the nation—the nation mourns. He adorned the world—the whole world weeps at his tomb and honors his memory.

"In life—

By foes sometimes maligned,
Oft doubted by his friends—
Ignoring those who criticized,
He saw the way in future skies,
And took the path where duty lies
To serve the nation's end."

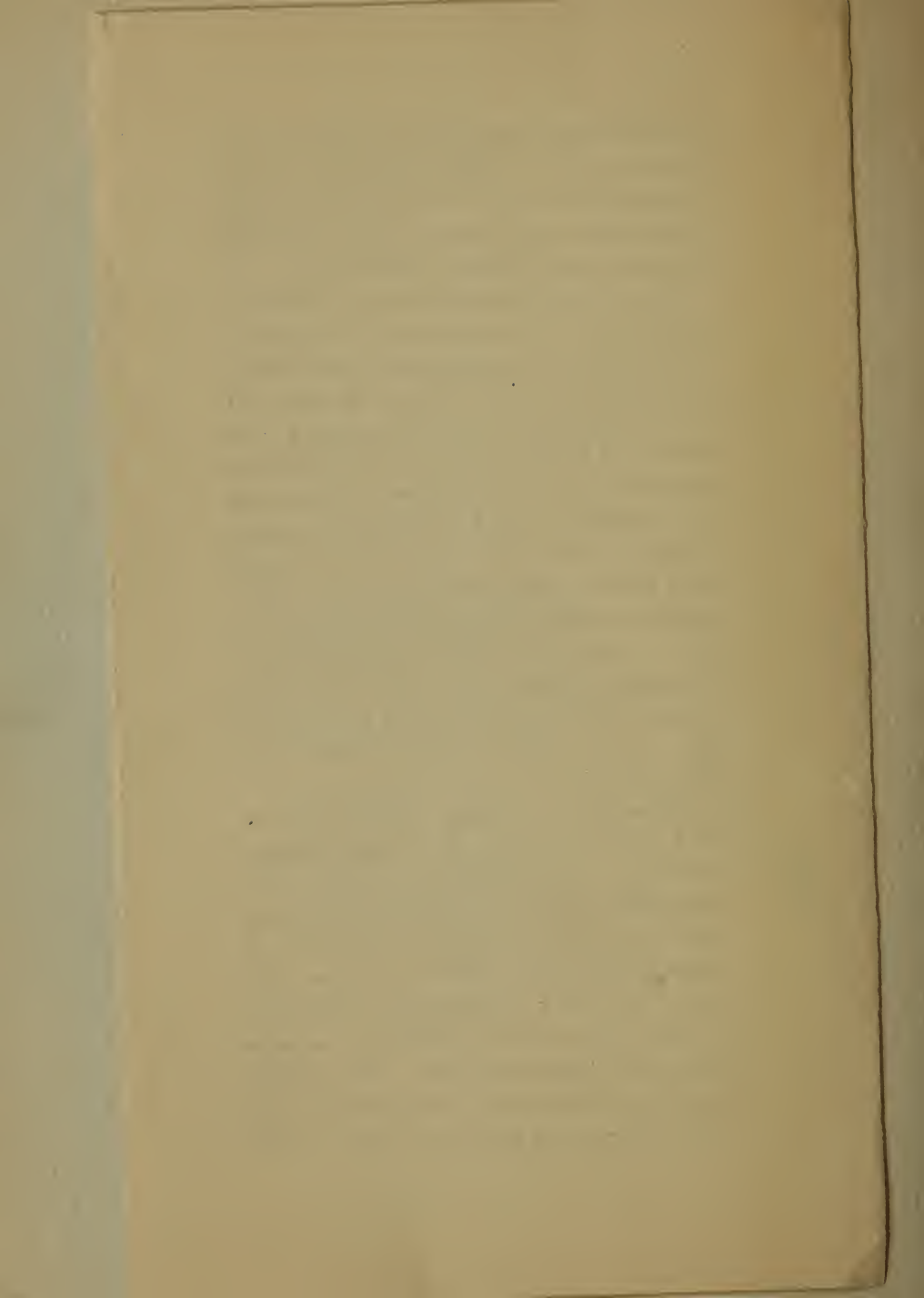
"In death—

The hero of us all,
The enemy of none,
With pain he trod the ionic road,
Knowing the end was nigh;
All fearless paced the dismal waste,
And taught us how to die."

BENJ. W. SCOBEEY.

Watkins, N. Y.

September 19, 1901.



Gift
Benj. W. Seabury
May 5 '17



Wm. W.

PS3531
C84A6
no. 3

BENJ. W. SCOBEE,

Watkins, N. Y.

Grant us, O Lord, the grace to bear
The ceaseless rasp of care ;
The little prickling thorn ;
The hasty word that seems unfair ;
The twang of truths well worn ;
The jest that makes our weakness plain ;
The darling plan o'erturned ;
The careless touch upon our pain ;
The slight we have not earned.

Dear Lord, to-day,
Lest all these fretting things
Make needless grief, oh give, we pray,
The heart that trusts—and sings !

February 9, 1903.



III.

We mourn a counsellor and friend well tried,
Whose own peculiar place none can supply ;
But, whilst our hearts are sad, as thus bereft,
We fix our faith on Him Who dealt the blow,
Assured by words immutable and promise sure,
"The dead are blest who die in Christ ;"
And "Faithful ones shall have a crown of life."

V.

Thus comforted we bow, resigned ;
And trust our loved one, gone, to Christ's embrace.

Yearning to meet again ;
Nor yearn in vain—for thus we read,
"Those gone before may not return ;
But you may go to them."

—BENJ. W. SCOBEEY.

Watkins, N. Y., [REDACTED]

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